Shared Reminiscences: Common Memories of 2013.

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During my summer vacation, I found immense happiness in the comfort of my own home. I wished to continue living this way for the rest of my life. Throughout my vacation, several significant events took place that had a profound impact on me.

One of the decisions I made during this time was to avoid forming deep attachments with others. I didn't want to invest my emotions in people who would only cause me pain by constantly reminding me of my differences. All I desired was for them to step aside and allow me to navigate my own path without interference.

I despise men who use derogatory language toward women. Even if it’s my appa or thambi or whoever, I despise men using derogatory language toward women.

When I find myself alone at home, I engage in various activities. I enjoy singing and often record myself doing so. I also have a penchant for photography and capture moments through pictures. Additionally, a significant portion of my time is dedicated to prayer and reflection.

As I approach the completion of my twelfth grade, I yearn for a period of self-reflection. I crave the opportunity to live for myself and adopt a new perspective on life. In pursuit of this, I aim to distance myself from the distractions of television, cell phones, and laptops. My aspiration is to lead a more spiritually-focused existence rather than one centered on worldly matters.

Interestingly, despite my own insecurities about my hair, it seems to be admired by many of the girls around me. I also have a particular fondness for my lips, and even my mother uses their color as an indicator of my blood levels. It amuses me that even my friend Lakshmi appreciates my lips.

On social media, I added a person named Rohit as a friend on Facebook. I later discovered that we were in the same grade, though he was younger than me and attended Parimalam school.

During an encounter at a cracker shop, I received a peculiar look from one of the employees, which left me feeling disgusted. It was the first time I had experienced such a reaction, and it reminded me of the discussions Prici and I used to have about how men perceive women.

In a playful act, I secretly wrote “I Love you” on a 5RS currency note. It brought a smile to my face, adding a touch of amusement to my day.